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VOL. 1. NO. 10.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

VANITY FAIR

Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

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Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

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THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

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"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*, is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

WILL BE ISSUED REGULARLY ON WEDNESDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and will be for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

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Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.

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FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

Designing and Engraving.

The Proprietor of VANITY FAIR would inform the Public at large that he has, attached to his establishment, an office for the execution of

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING,

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

and that he is prepared, at all times, to get up anything in the shape of an engraving, from

A MAMMOTH COLORED POSTER

TO A

BOOK VIGNETTE.

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113 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

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YOU WILL FIND

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The Best Lager Bier.
The Best Coffee and Tea.
The Best Wines and Liquors.
The Best Havana Cigars.
The Best Company
In fine,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

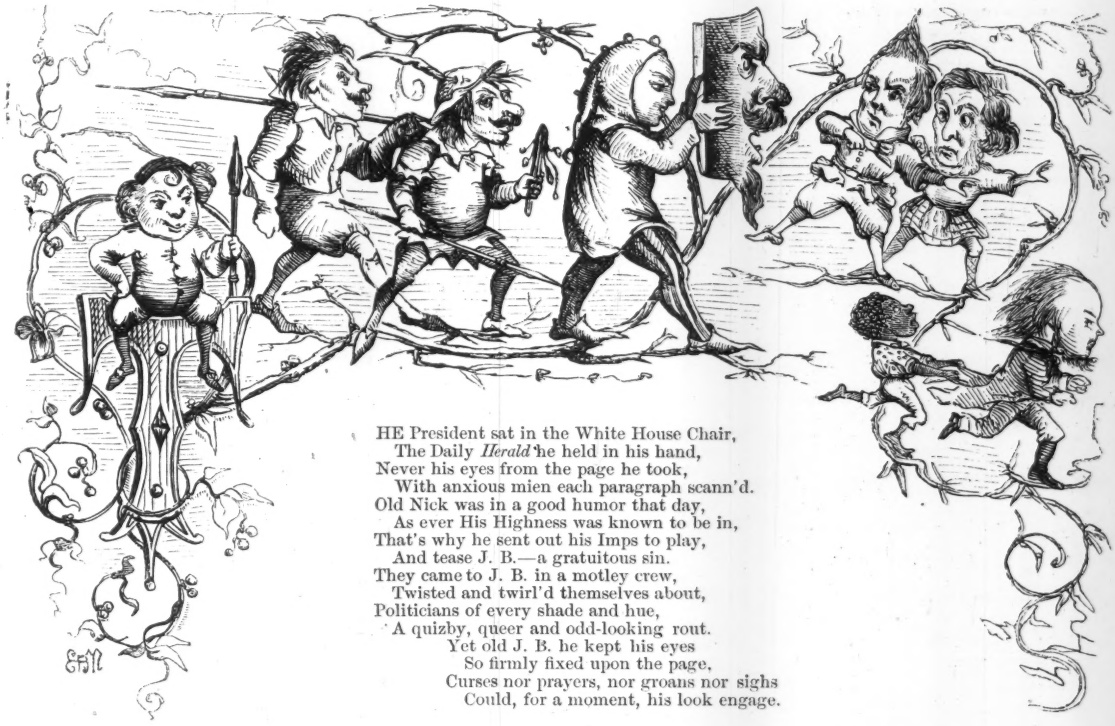
THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,
OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify-OH! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
23 ANN STREET. (Depot.) 23 ANN STREET.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 23
ANN STREET, NEAR ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 23 Ann-street,
Near Astor House, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 23 Ann-street.
Second Floor, Room No. 2.

The Vexation of J. B.

[*AFTER INGOLDSBY.*]



HE President sat in the White House Chair,
The Daily *Herald* he held in his hand,
Never his eyes from the page he took,
With anxious mien each paragraph scann'd.
Old Nick was in a good humor that day,
As ever His Highness was known to be in,
That's why he sent out his Imps to play,
And tease J. B.—a gratuitous sin.
They came to J. B. in a motley crew,
Twisted and twirl'd themselves about,
Politicians of every shade and hue,
A quizby, queer and odd-looking rout.
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes
So firmly fixed upon the page,
Curses nor prayers, nor groans nor sighs
Could, for a moment, his look engage.

A quaint Imp, up before him rose,
And talked and sputter'd as down squat he,
And cried, "Beware how my plans you oppose,
Or tinker with Squatter Sovereignty!"
Of Kansas, he shriek'd, of Border Roughs,
Of Lecompton Constitutions too,
Called Buck and his backers a set of muffs,
And made a most tremenduous ado.
He threaten'd and coaxed, and swore he would run—
For, though he was little, he had plenty of pluck—
A Republican Imp he took in his hand
And plump'd him down in the face of old Buck.
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Another Imp came, with a tall, gaunt form,
And a face as long as the Moral Law;
He howl'd in a manner, both fierce and forlorn,
Of an "Irrepressible Conflict," he saw.
He took up "a chattel" and rattled his chains,
He show'd his back, all striped and scarr'd,
He painted with groanings, his woes and his pains,
And told how his friends had been feathered and tarr'd.
And close to J. B.'s ear he came,
And twang'd his "Higher Law" doctrines in,
And threatened Disunion, and blood, and flame,
And made his pet Nigger crow, chuckle and grin!
But old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

An Imp came next with a Bobadil look,
Bustling with knife, revolver and club;
He grated his teeth, as his place he took,
Determined to give the old fellow a rub.
He brandish'd his knife, and he talked quite big,
And he cursed the North, in good set phrase,
And declared the South didn't care a fig
How soon the Union should end its days.
He took his stand at J. B.'s back,
And whisk'd his club around his head.
And he yell'd and blow'd and gave in his slack,
'Till he almost began to believe what he said.
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Helper came, in typographical guise,
With statistical facts he fairly shook,
And shouted all sorts of fantastical lies,
Which he read from out of a ponderous book.
Hards and Softs, and Black Repubs—,
Lecompton and Anti-Lecomptonites too,
Underground Railroad men, "Plugs" and "Blood tubs,"
And Mail Contractors, not a few.
A sly old rat, from Tammany Hall,
Whisk'd his tail in his face, and gnaw'd his toes,
While "Mozart" music, with shout and bawl,
Play'd "Wood up" marches, right under his nose.
Yet old J. B. he kept his eyes, &c.

Office-seekers came prowling about,
Trying to get at the old man's ear;
There never was seen such a vagabond rout,
Such a set of tormenting Imps and queer.
Last came an Imp—how unlike the rest!
His eyes shot fire, and he look'd very grim;
He bestrode a steed, and his heaving chest,
With venom seem'd to be filled to the brim.
"Behold!" he cried, "I've returned at last,
Like Mazeppa, the avenger, of whom you've read,
My triumph has come, your day is past!"
(Old J. B. shook from his toes to his head.)
"You caught me once, and sent me away
On a journey long, to Coven-try.
You said, 'Ta-ta, good bye!" but to-day,
A Tartar, you've caught, old chap, in me!"

"Just read my speech, it is all in type,
I mean what I've said, and I'll do it or die!"
Then the poor old man, he pull'd out his "wipe,"
And brushed a big tear from his eye.
And as The Avenger he rode away,

J. B., in a voice of dolorous pitch,
Gave vent to his feelings, and thus he did say :
"My eyes! but I've got in a pretty hitch!
There are many devils besetting my path,
Devils black, white, red and grey ;
Devils full of clamor and wrath,
Devils that have not a word to say ;
Devils with horns, and devils without
The devil a bit of a horn had he ;
But the wickedest devil among the whole rout,
Is the one who just left, that Tartar For-ney.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

PERSONS from abroad, visiting the metropolis, ought not to leave before seeing its noblest embellishment, its grandest work of art, that truly superb testimonial to military heroism, known as the "Worth Monument." Generally speaking, strangers do evince a great desire to examine this renowned pile; hence, whenever a foreigner demands of us the direction towards some locality in the city, we always feel sure that, no matter what he says, he *means* the "way to the Monument," and invariably, without the least hesitation, give him a complete set of landmarks towards it. To be more explicit: suppose a man asks us the way to South Ferry, knowing he means the "Monument," we advise him to take a Madison Square Stage to Twenty Fourth-street and bid him "Good day!"

But, to describe. As in ancient times Babylon was celebrated for its Tower, Jerusalem for its Temple, Rhodes for its Colossus, and Egypt generally on account of its Obelisks, Pyramids, Sphinx and Mausoleum,—so, now-a-days, Rome is renowned for its Catacombs, Ruins and Ciceroni, Paris for its Police arrangements, St. Petersburg for its Cold Weather, London for its Fog, Boston for its Brag, and New-York for the Worth Monument. Situated on—no! we mistake,—it is not situated—stuck in the nearest approach to the center of an isosceles triangle, this unique structure rises fifty feet heavenward and stops. It is said that a small boy, possessed of reliable eyes, could, if placed on its summit, note down the furniture contained in the rooms of the Misses Bridget, residing at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

From actual observation we know that the view of surrounding objects is pleasing, when taken with your back towards the shaft.

Although the effect is lessened by looking at the Monument itself, still, we are free to confess that a newly-made ditch, some three feet wide, at its base, "lends a hand"—that's not what we wish to say though—"lends enchantment to the view." As yet, no fence encloses, nor grass grows around it; but these deficiencies may be easily supplied in the spectator's mind, if he will just take a look at Madison Square, where both fence and sod abound, and then turn quickly towards the Monument, before forgetting how they appear.

We have here and there spoken of the "pile;" we did not, of course, refer to the lumber pile deposited near by, but to the architectural stone pile. The former is not, as many suppose, the "Worth Monument," the latter is.

But little need be said concerning the gorgeous ornaments which our business community and the theatrical men have lavished so generously on every available inch of stone—they speak for themselves.

New-Yorkers, are public-spirited, whole-souled people, who do nothing by halves; as the zeal and taste displayed in erecting and completing this great tribute to Major General William Jenkins Worth can sufficiently prove.

HONOR CUI HONOR EST.

A SENTENCE WORTHY OF A PARAGRAPH.

Judge Kinney, of Virginia, is an extraordinary man, and therefore he delivers himself of extraordinary sentences. Lately, when Stephens and Hazlett, the last of the Invading Army of Ossawattomie Brown, were convicted, Judge Kinney felt called upon to cap the climax of pathos, sentiment, and judicial nonsense generally. So he did it. After deeply deploring the melancholy duty which he said "had been devolved upon him," he proceeded to apostrophize Hazlett in this gushing, but eminently respectable manner :—

"When I look upon your comparative youth, your genteel appearance, and consider the mental agonies you have endured during these protracted trials, I cannot help pitying you," etc.

It would be a great pity to execute a young man of genteel appearance. Judge Kinney evidently has a proper regard for external vanities, and greatly prefers to condemn badly-dressed, awkward, disreputable-looking old men to death, than to pronounce solemn sentence upon those who enjoy "comparative youth" and a "genteel appearance." Why, O, why, did not John Brown shave himself, dye his hair and invade Virginia in peg-top pantaloons? Why did not Cook and Coppie expose Paris-made cambric bosoms to the bayonets of the Old Dominion soldiery? Could not double-milled cloth turn away the musket-balls of the protecting hosts? Could not a Brummel tie ensure its wearer's neck against the pressure of that cotton rope? Hereafter, let invading fanatics see that their appearance is genteel, and that they are tried before Judge Kinney. If his admiration of gentility is deep enough to intrude itself into a sentence of death, a sufficient amount of personal elegance ought certainly to save the prisoner—a terrible thing for those patriotic Congressional gentlemen who insist upon wearing home-spun. Let them beware of Judge Kinney!

THE OUTRAGED ALDERMAN.

It was a portly Alderman uprose amid his peers,
And bravely they saluted him with gentlemanly cheers,
For those burghers bold with smiling mugs were for a speech prepared,
'Cause, when he had the floor they deem'd 'twas Rufus Choate they heard.

In his hand he held a paper, "'Tis the *Herald*" some one said,
And frightfully he scowled upon each sentence that he read;
Then turning to his auditors, in thunder tones he told,
How a lying, filthy editor had libelled them for gold.

And said says he, "we're cut-throats, aye ready for a fight,
And swindlers in the daytime, and stabbers in the night;
And now I ask you gentlemen, I ask you all and each,
If I may not castigate him in a very caustic speech.

"Or think ye it were better a committee we appoint,
To wait upon this editor his jawbone to disjoint,
Or dare him to the cobweb proofs his paragraphs afford"
"Faith, an that's no aisy matter," quoth a member of the Board.

"We'll have him here to-morrow cried an angry Alderman,
We will summon him before us to deny it if he can."
When the *Herald* man he heard this thing, he said he didn't care,
But the District Attorney must accompany him there.

Now when the Aldermen they found that this was his intent,
They felt like glum defaulters who have "nary red" unspent,
And one and all they truly vowed, these conscious Aldermen,
That no District Attorney should beard them in their den.

And to this day they're sitting, in council, face to face,
And wearily are thinking how piteous is their case;
If the Editor would come alone, they'd tear him limb from limb.
But the District Attorney—how shall they deal with him?

The Acrobats of every Household.
The Pitcher and Tumbler.

A Great Old Sponge.
King Porus.

A COLD CUT AT WASHINGTON.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE GIVING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT THE COLD SHOULDER—WITHOUT THE MUTTON.

Truth by Accident.

One of the flash sensation weeklies has issued a poster, containing an announcement similar to to this :—

ANOTHER GREAT STORY!

The thrilling romance of the

PIRATE'S DOOM,

now publishing in the

RAG-TAG AND BOBTAIL,

is universally acknowledged to be equal to any literary work ever given to the American public!

We knew that the sensation papers were greatly given to lying about the quality of their contents, but we hardly expected to find them owning up, and stigmatizing their latest assertion of merit as "another great Story!"

Sic Semper, etc.

In a 22nd of February oration, reported in one of the daily papers, a patriotic gentleman prophesied that "in less than ten years," we should see great things in Europe. Among others, we should witness the enlivening spectacle of "the crowned tyrants of the Old World mowed down like ripe grain."

This is rather an attempt to make the "crowned tyrants" out only Men of Straw, but we presume the harvesting operation might be accomplished with the aid of the Cradle of Liberty?

Motto for Cow Bay.

Who enters here leaves Soap behind!

A Worked Slipper.

A Central Park Skater.

DON COCHRANE AND THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Spanish hospitality has passed into a proverb. "Friend of my bosom," cries Don Caramba Caramello when he meets you fifty miles from his home, "my house and everything that is in it is at your disposal." But bless you, the Don doesn't mean one word of what he says. He means a cup of chocolate and a cigarette, and sometimes not that. It is a cheap splendor of expression which makes him feel better, and is intended to put you on good terms with yourself. Father Huc in his admirable work on China, states that the hospitality of the natives of the Central Empire is akin to the high-flown liberality of the Spaniard. John Chinaman presses his visitor to eat and drink of every delicacy under the sun, from young dogs to bird's nest soup, but it is considered the height of bad breeding to accept any of these splendid proffers. The more you are pressed to partake, the firmer must be your declination, and your social status would be forever ruined if you permitted your appetite to get the better of your good breeding. Mr. John Cochrane is, we believe, an American, but as far as his ideal of hospitality is in question, he might have been born in the heart of Seville, or among the tea-hills of Fo-Kien. Mr. Cochrane is "a bilin' over" with a desire to extend magnificent hospitalities to the gentlemen of the Seventh Regiment during the inauguration of the Statue of Washington. He invites them to visit the Central City, regardless of expense, and add the pageantry of their really splendid military array to the imposing ceremonials of the occasion. "Come gallant men of the Seventh Regiment," cries Don Cochrane, "come, bulwarks of your native land, and give your warlike countenance to the sacred commemoration of the virtues of the august Father of your Country! Come and fling yourselves upon the broad bosom of Columbia, and you will find that responsive and substantial echo to your patriotism, for which the citizens of Washington have always been celebrated." The bulwarks of their Country respond. They prepare to fling themselves on the broad bosom of the citizens of the District of Columbia. They furbish their arms and their patriotism, and conjuring up delicious visions of civic honors and gorgeous fêtes, bordered with those outside festivities which are dear to the hearts of the gallant sons of Mars, they proceed in gallant procession to the depot and are whirled away on their journey to the affectionate embraces of Don Cochrane.

Hope, as everybody knows, told, once upon a time, a flattering tale, and she was not less delusive on this occasion than formerly. Don Cochrane's hospitality, like Bob Acres' courage, had in the meantime oozed out, and by the time that the gallant Seventh had reached the capital, the generous host had disappeared. In fact just about that time Don John instead of being at the terminus to welcome his guests, bethought himself of some pressing business in Baltimore, and retired for a brief space to the peaceful shades of that bower of Plug Uglies. Hungry, thirsty, weary with travel, but still hopeful, the Seventh Regiment left the cars, and looked round in vain for the ordinary courtesy of an escort. Not a uniform was visible. Through pouring rain, and up to their knees in yellow clay the Regiment formed and marched to parade. Every step was beset with difficulty. The prominent position to which as guests, and as a superior military organization they were entitled, was usurped by some two-penny civic company which discourteously assumed the post of honor. A set of swashbuckling Irishmen to whom probably a parade was such a novelty that they determined to make the most of it, and who call themselves the U. S. Artillery Company, kept galloping all round the Seventh, splashing them with mud, and otherwise aggravating their condition. No refreshments were provided, not even a cup of cold water, although the subsequent heat was oppressive. No hotel accommodation had been engaged, and the men had to find quarters for themselves. Houseless, hungry, neglected, soaked with rain and covered with mud, the only recognition the Seventh received from the broad bosom of Columbia was a twaddling speech from the President and a hypocritical one from Don John, who arrived in time to see them depart, and utterly disgusted and disheartened the Regiment scraped the mud from its feet, and returned with anything but favorable impressions of Columbian hospitality. Their pilgrimage, however, was cheered by the attentions of the Baltimore City Guard on their homeward route.

The fact is, that Don Cochrane, in order to make a little paltry political capital, seduced five or six hundred gentlemen from their comfortable homes under false pretences, and having led them to expect all those courtesies which prevail in social life, left them entirely in the lurch, and behaved in the shabbiest and most ungentlemanly manner. It was a shameful and un-American act to blot the spendor of a Washingtonian commemoration with a mean and illiberal conduct, from which none would revolt so heartily as the great hero himself were he present in the flesh to witness it.

Here and There.

S for all matters connected with the age of chivalry, my mind is forever at rest. I am mediæval down to my boots. I am satisfied that I know more about barbicans, cuirasses, demi-culverins, quintains, estrades, gorgets, churls, and pages than any other living man unless it be the Editor of VANITY FAIR, who knows every thing. This sensation of completed knowledge is delightful. I live as it were in an atmosphere of romance. I meet James' two solitary horsemen at every turn of Broadway. My noonday mug of ale has been transformed into sack. I order pourpoints and doubtlets and trunk hose from my tailor much to that suffering man's dismay. Pacalin recoils from me when I demand a *chaussure* in russet leather with red heels and embroidered turnovers. I insulted a young man at my boarding house the other day, by refusing to speak to him because he sat below the salt. My landlady declares that she can no longer understand me with my "marry come ups, prithee how-nows, gad so! an it were wells," etc., and all because I have seen "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at Niblo's. Yes, I have witnessed that gorgeous representation of the brave old feudal times, and the splendid cotton-velvet armour, and the impetuous trained steeds, and the deadly innocuous combats, all set my blood on fire to such a degree that I had to rush madly into the bar-room at the close of the spectacle, where I electrified the assemblage by wildly shouting "wassail! wassail!"

I learned much from this feudal spectacle at Niblo's. So many things in that authentic representation are entirely different from the accounts given by old and exploded writers like Sir Walter Scott, that I feel myself called upon to invite the attention of antiquarians and students of history to the remarkable discoveries of J. M. Nixon.

Before, however, entering on the pageant itself, I should like to consider Mr. Nixon's preliminary advertisement, which is a gem in its way. In a synopsis of the incidents, I find the following extraordinary passage, which is quite as good as any passage at arms in the entertainment. "An estrade," says the advertisement, "is erected at the upper end of the stage to seat the monarchs and their courts, upon a signal given the procession *enters* and *stream* around the vast amphitheatre, and take *their* places on each side." I knows that the men of the olden time was not strong upon grammar, but I don't think any one of it could have beat these.

Farther on I am enlightened as to the existence of a hitherto obscure personage, "The two queens, Claude of France, and Catharine of Aragon appear drawn in a gorgeous chariot by eight horses, driven by Mr. E. Backinstalls." Now as none of the historians of that eventful period mention Mr. Backinstall's name, it is highly creditable to Mr. Nixon's historic erudition and research to have discovered that such a person was coachman to the two queens at so remote a period. Considering his age, we must say that Mr. B. drives remarkably well. Backinstall and his brace of queens are followed by "Cardinal Wolsey in full costume, mounted on his *historical* mule," whatever species of animal that may be, "with the Cardinal's hat carried in state by two royal pages," after which comes the astounding announcement that "the celebrated Kapps' brass band have been engaged to play in the procession." Who is Kapp? Did he play in the train of the great Cardinal, or is he an imposter who is thrusting himself into antiquity without any authority. I don't think myself that Wolsey ought to permit any man of the name of Kapp to play in his procession, though after all there may have been a reason for it, as in the advertisement, the Cardinal's hat is immediately followed by the instrumental Kapp.

The pageant as witnessed by the undersigned is highly worthy of comment inasmuch as it presents to a New York public the chivalric period from an entirely novel point of view. I regret exceedingly that the Garter King at arms was not present. The fossil ideas which he entertains relative to the armour and the jousting of the olden time would be altogether destroyed, and his archæology enlightened to a degree of which he can have no possible conception. As this gentleman, owing to his duties at the English court, has not been able to attend Mr. Nixon's chivalric revival, I propose to give him some information as to the manner in which a joust or tilting match was really conducted. The Blue Knight, clad in a suit of impenetrable cotton velvet, enters the list on horseback, and shakes a large lead pencil at the king and queen. This is "the salute." He is followed by the Yellow Knight, his adversary, clothed in the same formidable armour and wielding another black lead pencil, which he brandishes also before the sovereigns. The herald then sounds the charge on a gilt trumpet, which has no aperture in it, and the knights trot from opposite sides of the field at the rate of one mile and a half an hour until they meet, when they knock their pencils together, after which they separate much exhausted with combat. After a brief breathing spell they dismount and are each furnished by their pages with a tin shield and a blunt sword. They hereupon throw themselves into the attitude of a fencing master using the foils, and thrust at each other from a safe distance. This not striking the spectators as being very deadly, and being encouraged with a few hisses, they approach one another, and perform that time-honored combat which is considered peculiar to nautical dramas, and which I know had its origin with Charlemagne and his knights. After some wild hitting and stopping with the tin shields, the Blue Knight goes down without any particular provocation, and as soon as he has fallen may be observed to chirrup to his faithful horse to come and mourn over his supposed death, perhaps with the object of cultivating the sympathies of his fierce antagonist. But the faithful steed utterly ignores the decease of his master, and snuffs round one of the pages' pockets, looking for oats. This being a failure, four stalwart men-at-arms in calico and russet boots, bear the corpse away, and the Yellow Knight, panting with his tremendous exertions remains victor of the field.

This spirited encounter is followed by a mortal combat between the Black Knight and the White Knight, who, like their gallant predecessors, come on armed to the teeth with black lead pencils. After the usual knocking together of their pencils, the Black Knight drops his own crayon, and basely seizes that of his adversary. Fearful encounter for the possession of the pencil, which, after much tugging, becomes the property of the White Knight, who, instead of punishing his antagonist, proceeds to put an end to his horse, which slaughter is accomplished by carefully inserting the pencil between the animal's fore legs, and viciously stabbing the ground with the point. The horse amiably consents to look on this as fatal, and dies without a groan. More bloody work on foot with sword and tin shields, after which the White Knight leaves the unlucky sable champion to the shine with a single blow, and the victor is crowned by the queen, and the various combatants on the fall of the curtain retire to their tents to have their wounds dressed by the leech, or to recruit their energies with sack, and talk over the perils of the day.

On the whole I know of no more accurate and instructive spectacle than "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." I would strongly recommend the Chevalier Wikoff—who is, I believe, the last remnant of that famous band, "The Knights of the Round table," to come on from Washington and witness this revival of that epoch of which he was once one of the brightest ornaments. Oyez, oyez, oyez.

[*Signed*,]

Land most valued by the President.

Buck—Wheatland.

What Opera Singer's Live on.

Rôles.

Those Broadway Belles.

AIR :—*Those Evening Bells.*

Those Broadway belles, those Broadway belles,
How sweet a tale my mem'ry tells
Of hair *chinois*, and that dear time,
When bonnets small were in their prime.

But all those hats have passed away,
And women now are most outré,
Each bonnet now preposterous swells,
And hides the pretty Broadway belles.

Mem. for the Washington Statue Inauguration Committee.

When you wish to decorate yourselves with borrowed plumes, have the decency to take ordinary care of them until they are returned to their own box, otherwise they may not be lent to you a second time.

The Thimble Unrigged.

Model wives formerly took a stitch in time, but now by the help of a Sewing-Machine they take one in no time.

Apparent on the face of the thing.

The man who regulates the New York city clocks has very little Time On His Hands.

Hard to Please.

The more a dentist's practice increases, the oftener he "Looks Down in the Mouth."

Query for "Smilers."

Was ever Western whiskey seen
"Comin' through the Rye?"

How to reform a Chimney Sweep.

Make a Clean Sweep of him.

A POINT SETTLED.

SCENE :—*A Gents Dressing Room at a Party.*

HEAVY SWELL.—Doing much in the pipe line, now, Charley?
LIGHT SWELL.—Naw—aw, dawnt smoke.
H. S.—Taken to Hock, eh?
L. S.—Naw—aw dawnt drink,
H. S.—Why, what in the dooce do you do with yourself?
L. S.—Aw, ah—muse myself.

A LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

There are mild and inoffensive verbal blunders, and there are also verbal blunders which are grievous and intolerable. The dramatic department of the *Tribune* combines both species. In one paper of last week a choice specimen of such appeared. Of the mild and inoffensive order was the statement that "The riders (at Niblo's) do their knightly devours with chivalric grace." Perplexing as this phrase at first appears, its meaning is in time discovered to be that the performers get through with their evening meals in a manner favorable to appetite and digestion. But the blunder of objectionable character is not so easily set aside. Mrs. John Wood's return to the Winter Garden was thus recorded :

"After the murky horrors of *Oliver Twist*, there was a brilliant relief last night in the burlesque of *Mrs. John Wood*."

Mrs. Wood is a woman of spirit, and will not be likely to let this imputation that she has been burlesqued pass unnoticed. We are not sure that it is not libelious. It is no light thing to talk of a burlesque lady, and the unpleasantness of the idea is intensified by its mysteriousness, no one having ever before heard of a burlesque upon any person so popular and so generally agreeable as Mrs. Wood. Individuals are caricatured, not burlesqued—a bit of information gratuitously vouchsafed; and it is only extraordinary literary achievements, such as, for example, the *Tribune's* disquisition on the Zoyara question which can be purposely burlesqued.

A Tight Squeeze.

Buchanan in Forney's "Press."

Amazing Ignorance of Mr. Brignoli.

He has never got beyond his A. B. C.

THE PUFF ELABORATE.

Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, in his testimony before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee at Washington, offered the following extraordinary evidence, which was straightway seized upon and telegraphed to the *N. Y. Tribune* without delay :

"The Parker House is the best house in town for dinner."

It may be very well for Mr. Stearns to look out for the interest of his friend Parker, and it is, no doubt, quite time that the Parker House is all he represents it to be—at least, we know nothing to the contrary; but it is none the less evident that this sort of thing ought not to be encouraged. The bad results are too certain. We should very soon have Mr. John Smith testifying that "his brief correspondence with John Brown was conducted on elegant note paper furnished by Mr. Cyrus W. Acre, whose establishment is unquestionably of the first respectabilty and merit in the metropolis of New York. And Mr. James Robinson would offer in evidence, that on hearing of the Virginia Invasion, his feelings became so decidedly too much for him that he could only turn to Mrs. Wiggle's Soothing Syrup, two teaspoonfuls of which are sufficient to calm the stomach and tranquilize the mind of the most troubled of men. In fact, there would be no end to this style of public puff, and although the *Tribune's* humanitarian principles are sufficiently well-known, yet it is to be hoped a tolerable regard for its own interest will restrain it from indulging the caprices of those who thus seek to use its columns for free advertising purposes.

A Game of Hide and Seek.

Going into the Swamp to borrow money.

A City most opposed to Sleighing.

Wheeling.

SOAPING HIM.

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, therefore, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."—*N. Y. Herald*, Feb., 1860.

Important Artistic Correspondence.

To —— ——, *Sculptor*, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir:—Much has been said about Mr. Mills' new statue of the Horse and Washington. A newspaper man tells me that it is too heavy and clumsy, while a military gentleman, of the Seventh Regiment, positively asserts that the mane and tail, waved by the wind, relieve the work of all ponderosity, and give it an Airy Grace.

What is your opinion?

——— ———, Painter.

New-York, Feb. 26th.

To —— ——, *Painter*, NEW-YORK.

Dear Sir:—Nary Grace.

——— ———, Sculptor.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28th.

A Downy Cove.

The *Tribune*, one day last week, contained this paragraph:—

"A correspondent of *The Winsted Herald* says a male child was born in Sandisfield, Mass., healthy and well formed, with "a well-defined pair of soft, silky whiskers, stretching from ear to ear." The child is now five weeks old, bright and lively, with a growing beard. Mr. Isaac Eader is the boy's father."

As Mrs. Eader's baby is, of course, a "perfect duck," we confess that we cannot see anything remarkable in the story, for who does not know that the Eider-Duck is noted for its down?

Political Mother Goose.

Little Johny Forney sat in the corner
Eating a Free Soil pie;
He put his thumb about and took a Clerkship out
And says, "what a brave boy am I."

The Latest Outrage.

The Franking system is getting more and more corrupt every day. We have heard it whispered that a certain Member of Congress recently proposed some political measures to Frank Pierce through the Post Office!

Hard to Please.

Some people are grumbling because our pet Seventh Regiment did not have a military reception at Washington. *Que voulez vous, messieurs?* Do you mean to say their reception was a Civil one?

New Title for the National Capital—By A Seventh Regimen.

"The City of magnificent promises."

The Modern Canute.

Louis Napoleon, when he said "thus far and no farther" to the Pope.

Fast Agriculture.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

As March approaches, you must begin your labors for the season by harrowing up the feelings of your respectable friends, and sowing a large crop of Wild Oats.

No attention need yet be paid to your Early P's (Piety and Prudence,) but you will do well to destroy as many Weeds as possible, by burning them.

In order to practice Fast Agriculture successfully, it is imperative that you should keep a horse. Ponies (of brandy) are also quite necessary. Should other live stock be wanted, Go the Whole Hog, but be careful to Save your Bacon.

As fruit trees are profitable, it would be a good thing to procure several. We especially recommend Crabs, both fast and soft, but a neat little Plum is likewise desirable.

After attending to all these duties, you may make some provision for the coming Fall. Unless you arrange beforehand to be in Clover at the end of the season, you will find yourself somewhat Seedy, and will have to go moping and Mowing around.

If you wish to have a Course of Sprouts immediately, Plant some vigorous blows promiscuously about, on the noses and eyes of fighting men. They will Shoot at once. Cuttings will do as well as blows, but in such an operation, care should be taken to avoid the climate of the west bank of the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Tarrytown and Peekskill.

SAMBO AGONISTES.

"DEY DON'T BUDGE."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Rowdy.

We have become conscious only lately of game. The querulous quail and the pinnated partridge have suddenly become the objects of our keenest solicitude. Game laws have been actually established for the purpose of legally appointing the exact period when the Winkles of this free and glorious land may slaughter scientifically those specimens of the feathered tribe which are dear to epicures. In all respects an impetus seems to have been given to field sports. Hosts of English Lords and honorables seek our shores to brave the tomahawk of the redskin, and the hoof and horns of the buffalo. They undertake large and expensive expeditions to the Rocky Mountains where they don't see any Indians and don't kill any buffaloes.

And yet with all these legislative enactments about innocent birds whose destiny is toast and bread sauce, and all this fuss made over the bounding buffalo of the far west, by some unaccountable neglect we have overlooked the fiercest and most interesting of all the wild animals that inhabit this country. This neglect is all the more singular in as much as the untameable beast to which we refer, wanders in the midst of our city, has his lairs in the neighborhood of Houston street, and the City Hall, and roars nightly in the fetid feeding saloons of this civilized metropolis. Not to be enigmatical any longer, this specimen of the *ferœ naturœ Americana* is the New York Rowdy. He is a creature of nocturnal, predatory habits, great ferocity, and capable of affording the greatest possible sport to the experienced hunter. For the sake of the sporting world we would desire that the wild Rowdy should be included in one of the game law enactments. He should be considered in season from the months of November to March, and a severe fine inflicted on any person shooting squab rowdies. A game commissioner might be appointed in each of the principal cities of the Union who would have the power of granting licences to gentlemen entitling them to kill the rowdy during the above mentioned months. With some considerable training the municipal police might be brought to act as serviceable dogs for the flushing of the game, but at present the nose of this breed of "setter" is bad, and he is apt to go on the wrong scent. If such an enactment were to pass the legislature a most agreeable and recreative amusement would be added to the field sports of America. *Battues* would be organized by the young gentlemen of New York among the preserves of the sixth and seventeenth wards, and Jones would invite his friend Smith to join a small shooting party on the Mulberry street uplands. The art of *venerie* would reach in America the perfection which it has reached in France. Game Keepers would become learned in the habits of the Rowdy, and would report to their employer, the exact whereabouts of certain notorious animals, as the old huntsman of the Marquis reports the location of a stag of ten, and the sporting papers of the city would contain paragraphs to the effect that "Mr. Lacy Alley had on the 5th of the present month, bagged twelve Mulberry street rowdies—eight of the Irish breed and four of the American—between the hours of ten and two. Four of those were double shots."

As it is more than probable that the Legislature will hasten to adopt our suggestion, and incorporate in the existing game laws, a clause relative to the destruction of the Rowdy, we will give, for the benefit of our brother sportsmen, such hints as will contribute towards their bringing home a full bag.

The Rowdy is in his prime when he reaches his twenty-sixth year. He is then generally to be known by a full plumage of the glossiest black sprinkled with diamond spots. His feet are shiny, and so also is his crest. His countenance expresses mingled cowardice and ferocity. Like the jackal, wolf and hyena, he is never aggressive when alone, but when he goes in packs he is generally savage and disposed to attack. In the morning the best place to look for him is at the doorways of low gambling houses, and at the corners of inferior streets, where he displays his gaudy plumage and warms himself in the sun. But by far the best time for sport is when you find him in gangs in the night saloons. He is then in a highly excited state, and growls and shows his teeth on the entrance of a gentleman; the gentleman being the food of all others that he prefers. Now is the time to bring him down. Fire quickly before it is possible for him to make his spring, and above all, aim at the head, for the brute has considerable vitality, and if not killed at the first fire is capable of considerable mischief. The weapon that we recommend especially is that made by Colonel Colt of Hartford, Connecticut, a ball sixteen to the pound, and Dartmoor Mills powder. Be very careful as to your caps and priming, as a miss fire would be fatal to you. Never on any account allow a rowdy to put his hand in his pocket when he is in your neighborhood. He is almost sure to draw a knife or a pistol on you. Fire on the instant.

If these hints are of any value to the community we present them in the sincere hope that they will be acted upon.

AN ACT FOR THE REGULATION OF SMALL BOYS.

We shall present a memorial to Congress petitioning for the regulation of Small Boys.

It will pray that, in view of their rapid increase, suitable measures shall be adopted to prevent their overrunning the rightful domains of maturity.

That parents and guardians, known to be such, shall be held responsible for all violations by their tender offspring of the rights and privileges of the aged.

That an Institution may be established, liberally endowed by government, to which may be consigned all Small Boys with whom "nothing can be done" at home.

That the mode of discipline there may not be Moral Suasion, but that the Birch, which illustrated the tales of our ancestors, may resume its long interrupted sway.

That Latin Grammer and Algebra may not be taught so regularly or so much as obedience, modesty, quietness and other cardinal virtues, which have fallen into disuse.

That it shall be the sworn duty of the Mayor of every city, through his officers, to restrain the Small Boys from roaming through the streets, flying kites in the faces of easily excited horses, and thereby occasioning sometimes fatal accidents; interposing themselves between the trembling legs of feeble pedestrians, and making sport of their pains, when they bend to an irresistable fate and go down upon the sidewalk; standing at the corners emitting volumes of cheap tobacco, as well as volleys of startling oaths; obstructing the passage by rough games which compel ladies and children to make wide detours; when snow falls, merrily propelling icy balls at the tenderest places of unwary passers-by, or hastening the destruction of limb and life by glassy slides without mercy.

It will pray that Mr. John Leech, of the London *Punch*, may be obliged to desist from his cruel efforts to give countenance to the Small Boy and to perpetuate his dreaded race.

Signatures are respectfully solicited for this humble Petition, at the office of Vanity Fair.

The Virginia Volunteers.

Virginia's wrathful and chivalrous blades
Are preparing their weapons to practice phlebotomy
On all who may dare to encourage new raids,
Led on by some new Ossawattomie.

But a question arises—they've Nothing to Wear—
And, "How shall we Dress?" cry the martial nobility;
We answer, "Your Uniform, boys, it is clear,
Will be Uniform Inutility!"

Real Estate Con.

How was the Land of Canaan divided by Abraham and his nephew?

The western portion was taken by Abraham; the eastern was chosen By Lot.

Posthumous.

Our Insane Contributor wants to know whether the Dead Letter Office, at Washington would not be a good place for explorations of the Dead C!

The Toper's Cuticle.

A Whiskey Skin.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Nothing is more delightful than to find Learning and Imagination hand in hand. The New York Daily *Times* in its issue of the 22d inst. affords a beautiful example of scholastic attainments adorned with a brilliant play of fancy. In an article on *diptheria* the *Times* man, fecund in illustration, rushes into anecdote, and introduces his narrative with the following astounding sentence :

"We beg in conclusion to remind them (*i e.* Readers) of that dear old eastern story, which Eliot Warburton tells so admirably in his matchless book of travels "Eothen."

If "Dear old" Sergeant Kinglake were to see this paragraph we wonder if he would feel comforted. After having by the issue of one small volume placed himself at the head of all living writers of travels, it would doubtless delight him to see the learned *Times* man decking the deceased Warburton with his laurels. What a high opinion he would form of the culture of our newspaper editors, when he beheld a fact patent to every well-read man distorted in this unaccountable manner, and recklessly published in the leading columns of a leading daily! If the *Times* man goes on in this way, we will, of course, every day meet with sentences like the following :

"When Tennyson sang 'a man's a man for a'that' he vindicated nobly the sentiment of Montaigne that "all men are born free and equal!"

"In fact we may say in the trenchant lines of Grace Greenwood,

"'What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards!'"

On reflection there is one excuse for this unhappy *Times* man. Mr. Raymond is out of town.

THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.

WE feel that we may have been guilty of an injustice. We hope we have n't been guilty of an injustice. We do not want to be guilty of an injustice. We will leave it to the public, whether or no we have been guilty of an injustice.

V. F. (which, of course, signifies VANITY FAIR,) has been very severe upon that innocuous and at times, ornamental thing, the Counter-jumper. It has been suggested, in these fair columns, that young women should be permitted to earn a livelihood by selling hosiery and tape to other young women, instead of being driven to compete with the sewing-machine, or to do infinitely worse. It has been suggested that the selling of hosiery and tape was not one of the "manly arts," and that the yardstick could not, by any exercise of imagination, be considered as the wand of manly nobility.

Now it is possible that we have played the mischief. Suppose that the young women should take possession of their rightful places, and oust the knights of simperdom. Would the latter not be in imminent danger of starving to death? Could they get their bread and butter, their lemon-soda and cinnamon cigars, by working as men, after having so long been something less than women? It seems doubtful indeed!

On the whole, then, we have evidently been guilty of an injustice.

But, having furnished the bane, we can also furnish the antidote. There is nothing like Gradual Reform. Let us all join hands in the good work, and make men of the Counter-jumpers! The proposition is startling, at first sight, but perfectly feasible.

The Counter-jumper, having been employed on the most effeminate kind of work for ages, is necessarily unfit for manly labor. Very well; let him be trained up to it. Let him try his hand at the more athletic sorts of woman's work. Let him take a situation as children's nurse, say, at first, and increase his sphere of usefulness by degrees. Then he might blossom out as a cook, or housemaid, and finally arrive at the honors of scrubbing, washing, ironing, house-cleaning, etc

This idea, if properly carried out, would inaugurate a perfect millenium in cheap society, although during its progress, the effect might be somewhat ludicrous. For instance, when the chrysalis Counter-jumper first began to feel the wings of manhood growing, we should see strange advertisements in the daily papers, such as the following, perhaps :—

SITUATION WANTED :—A Neat and Tidy COUNTER-JUMPER wants a place in a family, to do fine sewing and light housework. Is thoroughly conversant with all articles of ladies' wear. No objections to going a short distance in the country. Address, etc.

WANTED :—A Situation as Housemaid, by a partially-reformed COUNTER-JUMPER. Having been in the Dry-goods department, at ——'s, for three years, he is perfectly familiar with Sheetings, and therefore especially competent to make beds. Call for three days at, etc,

As the reform progressed, and the capabilities of the neophyte for usefulness advanced, the tone of these advertisements would change. We should then see something of this sort :—

A MIDDLE-AGED and Experienced COUNTER-JUMPER wishes employment as Laundress. Has done up his own linen for a long time. Can stand nearly as much labor as a woman. Particular attention paid to laces, ruffles, etc., but heavy washing preferred. Address, etc.

WANTED :—A Stout, Capable Person to do Cooking, Washing, and General Housework. Will be expected to clean house, scrub, etc. A COUNTER-JUMPER who is nearly reformed, would find the situation agreeable, but he must not be afraid of work. Call at, etc.

Having pointed out the way in which this description of creature may become tolerably valuable to mankind, we feel more at rest, and will leave our artist to show the condition of the Counter-jumper when he reaps the the fruits of such advertisements as the above.

A Cordial for our Cares.

The only pastoral paper in the country—in whose columns do gambol the lambs of innocence, and flow the streams of youth, and bloom the flowers of early piety—need we breathe the tuneful title of the *Evening Transcript?*—remarks, it does :—

"The family of an opulent citizen, recently deceased, have presented the pastor and physician of their honored parent a thousand dollars each, as tokens of respect. Such judicious actions do much to alleviate the cares and perplexities of professional life in a great city, and we trust they will become more common than they have hitherto been."

Through all the selfishness with which a world lying in darkness and also just the same in light has encrusted us, we hope we can see the loveliness of the course here prescribed, nor could we desire to be alleviated in any other way, and we hope and trust that these "judicious actions" will not be confined to pastors and physicians, but that editors may be in the arrangement too, for their "cares and perplexities" are as deserving, and perhaps more so, of a thousand dollars as the c.'s and p.'s of any other class, while their facilities for the appropriation of such "tokens of respect" are wholly unequalled, if, indeed, they are not unsurpassed.

A Spiritual Revelation.

What is Joe Miller's ghost employed about?
Said we, *en rapport* with a "spiritual knocker;"
The answer was—"For Heaven's sake don't let it out,
But Joe's the gossip of the *Knickerbocker!*"

Obvious.

Who broke all the Commandments at once?
Moses.

LETTER FROM A PATRIOT.

TO THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR:

Gentlemen: I have been humbugged, swindled, cheated, imposed upon, and defrauded. I am very indignant, and I think the whole country ought to be very indignant. It is an outrage. I mean the Washington Statue, of course. I want to know, gentlemen, whether such tricks are to be tolerated, in a land celebrated for learning, revolutionary reminiscences, and common schools?

I am not a connoisseur, or whatever you call it, in statuary, but I flatter myself that I cannot be swindled in this preposterous way. I refer to the hind legs. We all know that General Andrew Jackson was a very great and good man. He licked the British, smoked a long pipe, and swore by the Eternal, and it was no more than just that he should, when dead and buried, have a statue of himself in the public grounds at Washington. Mr. Clark Mills did it—I mean the statue—and I think he did it remarkably well, although you may easily see, and as I said before, I know nothing about it. Well, Mr. Mills, when he made General Jackson's statue, got a stroke of what I call real genius into it. He threw overboard all the old trammels and restrictions of the schools, gentlemen, and soaring skyward to the lofty empyrean of artistic bravery, made Jackson's horse stand on its hind legs, with no other support!

Such a precedent was perfectly unprecedented, you know, and the consequences were plain. Mr. Mills gained the reputation he deserved. His hind legs were famous—are still famous, and will remain famous, for all time, to world without end, amen. It was a fitting and suitable tribute to the originality of Jackson's character. It served him right.

The immense celebrity—I might say notoriety—of Mr. Mills' Jackson's horse's hind legs, could not escape the notice of our learned and intelligent, though quarrelsome, statesmen, and when it was decided to have another statue on horseback, representing General George Washington, Father of his Country and Author of the Mount Vernon Papers, erected in the public grounds, Mr. Mills was chosen to do it. I thought, at the time, that it was a good choice. Mr. Mills had shown one brilliant novelty in art, and had produced what I call a first-class statue. But see how mistaken we all were! Gentlemen, it is an insult to the memory of the Pater Patriæ! If General Jackson deserved to be supported by hind legs alone, what did not General Washington deserve? Yet here has Mr. Mills gone and made him stand on three legs, stupidly as any old cart-horse! Will the patriotic blood of America stand it? I hope not. Let this statue be broken up, and another made. Let the horse not have any leg on the ground at all. Jackson's horse has only two, and I'm sure that Washington was twice as great as Jackson. Perhaps it would be more respectful to have the Father of his Country standing up in his saddle. I don't think it is very dignified to sit a-straddle of a horse, especially in bronze, but I have seen some exceedingly fine postures by Mr. Robinson, Md'lle Zoyara, and others, at the Circus in Broadway, and I noticed that they always stood up in the saddle. However, of course Mr. Mills knows all about this, and can choose his own position. I only insist upon the legs, for my country is very dear to me, and I will not brook any jeer or gibe, or humiliating insinuation concerning General Washington, the Eagle, or the Stars and Stripes. They are all sacred to me, and I will never countenance a statue that hints at, or implies, any inferiority of the Pater Patriæ, compared with General Jackson, though I am free to confess that I consider the latter to have been a very fine man, and think that he did just right about the United States Bank.

Hoping that you can do something to undo this withering shame, am, gentlemen, yours respectfully. PATRIOT.

SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

[*A Performance of which may, at any time, be expected at the National Capital.*]

POLITICIANS REPRESENTED.

CAPULET BUCHANAN, BENVOLIO PRYOR, TYBALT GROW, SAMPSON KEITT, GREGORY HOUSTON, ABRAM MORRIS, BALTHASAR WASHBURN.

PROLOGUE.

Two parties, wanting both in dignity,
In fair Columbia, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where ugly blood makes ugly hands unclean.

SCENE.—*A Public Place—Enter* SAMPSON KEITT *and* GREGORY HOUSTON, *armed with canes and knucklers.*

SAMPSON KEITT.—Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY HOUSTON.—No, for then we should be colliers.

S. K.—I mean, an we be in choler we'll draw.

G. H.—Ay, while you live, draw off and hit somebody.

S. K.—I strike quickly, being moved.

G. H.—But usually thou lookest on whilst somebody else strikes.

S. K.—A dog of the other side of the House moves me.

G. H—To move is to make a motion, and to be valiant is to stand, provided thou cans't get a nomination. Therefore, if thou makest the right motion, thou wilt run well in thy district. . . . Lift thy cane; here come two of the other side of the House.

Enter ABRAM MORRIS *and* BALTHASAR WASHBURN.

S. K.—My dander is up; quarrel, I will back thee.

G. H.—I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

S. K.—Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

ABRAM MORRIS.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

S. K.—I do bite my thumb, sir.

A. M.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

S. K. [*to G. H.*]—Have you got a pistol in your pocket?

G. H.—No.

S. K.—No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

G. H.—Do you quarrel, sir?

A. M.—Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

S. K.—If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a party as you.

A. M.—No better.

S. K.—Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO PRYOR, *at a distance.*

G. H.—Say—better; here comes one of our side.

S. K.—Yes, better, sir.

A. M.—You lie.

S. K.—Come on, if you be men.—Gregory, remember Edmundson's swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

BENVOLIO PRYOR.—Part, fools; dry up. You know not what you do. [*He goes in.*]

Enter TYBALT GROW.

TYBALT GROW.—What, another? Count me in. [*He also enters, blithely.*]

Enter several partisans of both Houses, who join the fray.

[*Soft Music.*]

Enter CAPULET BUCHANAN, *with his night-cap on.*

CAPULET BUCHANAN.—I thought I heard a noise.

Enter PUBLIC OPINION, *clothed in the Stars and Stripes; the American Eagle in his right hand, the Constitution in his left, and thunder in his voice. He proceeds to put a flea in everybody's ear.*

PUB. OP.—Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

[The continuation of this eminently just, effective, and truthful drama, may be found in any volume of W. Shakespeare. To be procured at all bookstores; price according to circumstances of binding, etc.]

BIDDYISM.

HELP.—I want yeez.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Want me! What for?

HELP.—Yeez must come and carry out the ash-barrel; d'yeez think that a delicate woman'll be afther breaking her back at such work?

Laconic.

The London *Court Journal* says that Prince Albert's interest in agricultural affairs increases constantly, and a Mr. H. B. Hale, of Durham, lately sent His Royal Highness "a magnificent white bull, of the Short-horn breed, which was accepted with much graciousness."

Through the kindness of Prince Albert, we are enabled to lay before the readers of VANITY FAIR, a copy of the letter with which Mr. Hale accompanied his bovine gift. It is as follows:—

To H. R. H., PRINCE ALBERT:—
Bully for you!

H. B. HALE.

A Sleepless Question.

If Shakspeare was correct when he said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," does it follow that the head that wears the tiara is in a similar predicament, and if so, would it not then be an act of kindness upon the part of the ancient allies of the Pope, if they would aid his efforts in the attempt to gain a short Nap to himself?

Pecuniarily the Reverse.

It is an old proverb that "A Man is known by the Company he keeps," but now-a-days an Insurance officer is much more likely to be known by the Company that keeps him.

A Marble-head Shoemaker

Steinbrück's bust of Hans Sachs.

The Best Man to Treat Game Legs.

L. Delmonico.

THE DYSPEPTIC'S DOUCHE.

We read in that palladium of the individual, the "Personal" column of the *Tribune*:—

"A Boston man, troubled with a chronic dyspepsia, after passing over a year in the Massachusetts Hospital, without getting any nearer to cure, threw the doctors and their stuff overboard, and prescribed and *practiced* for himself, thus: He goes to one of the wharves twice every day, at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M., strips himself of clothing, and dives into the briny element. He then rubs himself dry with a coarse towel, and returns home. This he has followed throughout all weathers, has been greatly relieved, and is expecting a cure. When there is no ice, he dives from a boat; if frozen over, he places a carpet on the ice, and goes in where there is an opening."

The dyspepsia is a national institution. We all know what it is not to digest. We all would love to be an ostrich, or to be able conscientiously to "inquire for C. Mullane in the *Tribune* office Press Room" as "stout, strong boys, to feed on Folding Machines." But although every intestinal tie to a happy life should be severed—though our days should pass in morbid munchings of rhubarb and double cathartic pills—though we should become thin things, and refuse the society of friends, and flit vaguely through existence, yet will we solemnly protest against the practice of the "Boston man" becoming general. Is then morality at so low an ebb in our great cities that we can behold men daily "stripping themselves of clothing" on our very wharves, in direct violation of the municipal laws as well as those of propriety? Are we prepared calmly to contemplate, daily, at 5 P. M., or even at 5 A. M., crowds of nude figures "rubbing themselves dry with a coarse towel?"

But it cannot be. This violation of all our truest and tenderest sensibilities is, if not a moral, certainly a physical impossibility. Does anybody—does the "Boston man"—for one moment imagine that the supply of wharves is equal to the demand of dyspeptics in this great and growing country, where the shadow of Pie is growing no less, and early candy and late oysters are the universal diet? So, where are you going to get your jumping-off place? And what's your country dyspeptic going to do about it?

A Musical Skater's Suggestion.

The introduction of a Curling match in "The Barber."

VALE.

"We understand M'dlle. Piccolomini's engagements terminate in March, and that she will then leave the stage, in accordance with the wish of her family."
London Paper.

I.

Farewell, thou bon-bon of the lyric stage:
Thou wert divine, the rest are only clever;
None else my thirst for music can assuage—
Farewell, sweet singing little one, forever!

II.

Thou goest from triumphs, from a world of friends,
Thou goest from present sweets, from future laurels,
Thou goest from all that Heaven to Genius sends—
Fêtes, gifts, loves, gloves, posters, footlights and quarrels.

III.

Thou hadst the grace, the winning way, the smile,
Thy face was full of fun, thy form was natty;
O, ne'er on earth shall I forget the smile
That arched thy brows while singing "Batti batti!"

IV.

Henceforth, when sorrowing and sad I sit
Amid the buzz and glare and viols' ringing,
I'll make me an ideal, and worship it—
I'll fancy that I hear thee always singing.

V.

So farewell, bon-bon of the lyric stage,
Since family desires have power to sever
The world and thee, I drop upon this page
One tear, in bidding thee Farewell forever!

To Beardless Beaux.

Do not fall in love with the young lady who doats upon moustaches. Your affection will all be thrown away. Is it not plain that you must be Hirsute in order to be Her Suitor?

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE *(who has called to see her friend Bridget)*.—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

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Superbly flavored.

As an Ornament,

And as a

Toilette pleasure,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
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